HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU

MAD

THIS COVER...MAD'S ANSWER TO COMIC BOOK TITLES...THE COVER WITH THE SMALLEST TITLE IN THE WORLD!

THE NEWSDEALERS OF AMERICA ARE SCREAMING...

BECAUSE, WITH JUST ONE DAY'S DISPLAY...

POOF!

THERE GOES PANIC!

SO IF YOU'RE ***SELF CONSCIOUS*** IN A ***B.O. (BUYING OUT)*** CROWD...IF ***PANIC*** GOES ***POOF!*** TOO QUICKLY WHERE YOU BROWSE... IF YOU'D RATHER NOT ***PERSPIRE*** TILL THE ***NEXT ISSUE*** COMES IN... THEN ***SUBSCRIBE!*** FILL OUT THE ***COUPON,*** ENCLOSE ***ONE DOLLAR*** FOR ***EIGHT*** (8) ISSUES, AND ***MAIL!*** JUST GIVE THE ENVELOPE A ***GENTLE SQUEEZE,*** AND ***POOF!***... SAY GOODBYE TO ***ORDER PROBLEMS!*** THE ONLY THING YOU'LL HAVE ***LEFT*** TO WORRY ABOUT THEN IS AN ***OFFENSIVE MAILMAN!***

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF PANIC
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00). PLEASE RUSH ME THE NEXT EIGHT DEODORIZED ISSUES OF ***PANIC.*** I WANT TO SAY '***POOF!***' TO MY FRIENDS!

NAME _____

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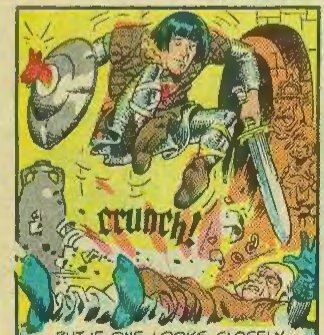
ROMANCE (NOT THE SEXY KIND) DEPT.: GREETINGS, DEAR READER!... ALL SETTLED FOR A COMFORTABLE EVENING OF READING?... THAT'S IT!... SETTLE DOWN!... SNUGGLE INTO YOUR FAVORITE CURBSTONE!... ALL COMFY NOW?... WELL ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN, KID, 'CAUSE AFTER READING THIS BOOK, YOU'LL BE A NERVOUS WRECK! AND OUR BOOK STARTS WITH...

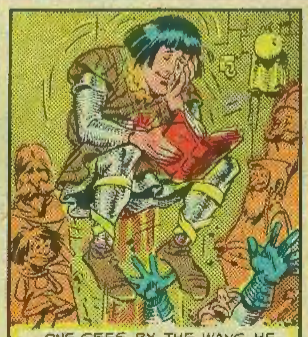
PRINCE VIOLENT!

YOUNG PRINCE VIOLENT OF DRULE WHO ASPIRETH TO BECOMETH A KNIGHTETH AT-ETH KINGETH ARTHURETH ROUTH... RATH... THOOTH... PTOOEY!...AT KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE, WHILES AWAY THE TIME IN GREAT FUN AT THE SPORT OF MOCK COMBAT!... WITH DULL-EDGED WOODEN SWORDS AND PADDED DOUBLETS, PRINCE VIOLENT, IN GREAT FUN AND SPORT... SCORES A BLOW IN FUN UPON HIS GOOD FRIEND AND HAS SO MUCH FUN!... BOY WHAT FUN!... FUN! WOW!... FUN!

Wood

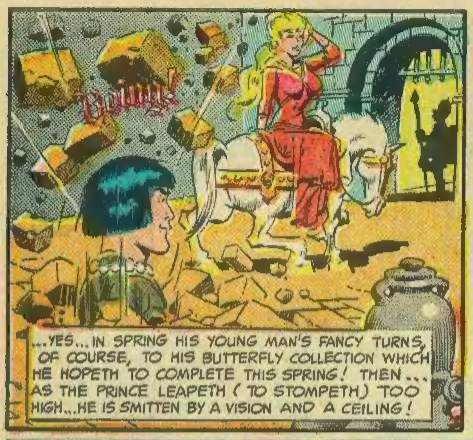


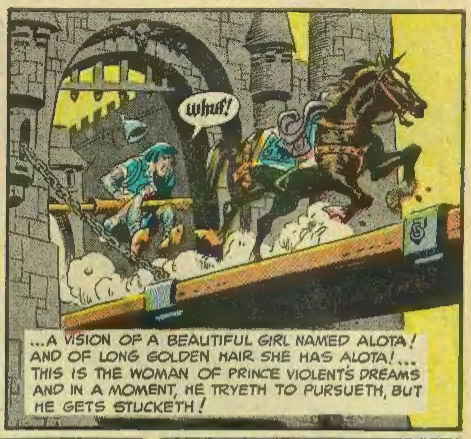
...BUT IF ONE LOOKS CLOSELY AT THE PRINCE WHO IS TROMPING SPORTINGLY ON HIS FALLEN FRIEND, ONE SEES THAT HE IS NOT HAPPY!

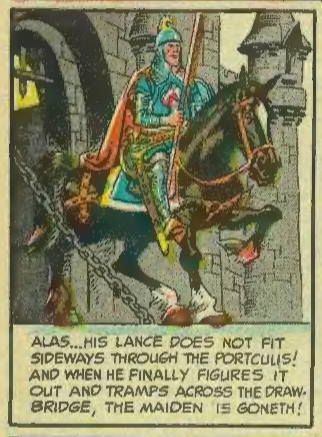


...ONE SEES BY THE WAYS HE LANDS ON HIS TOES INSTEAD OF HIS HEELS... THE HEELS WITH THE 'TAPS'...THAT HIS HEART IS NOT WITH THIS GREAT SPORT!

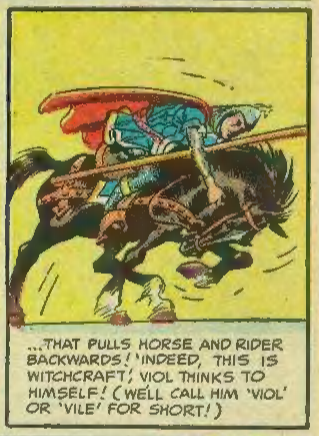
...FOR THE YOUNG MAN'S HEART IS FILLED WITH *OTHER* LONGINGS!... YES...THE LONGINGS THAT USUALLY FILL A YOUNG MAN'S HEART WHEN WINTER TURNS TO SPRING...


...YES... IN SPRING HIS YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS, OF COURSE, TO HIS BUTTERFLY COLLECTION WHICH HE HOPETH TO COMPLETE THIS SPRING! THEN... AS THE PRINCE LEAPETH (TO STOMPETH) TOO HIGH... HE IS SMITTEN BY A VISION AND A CEILING!

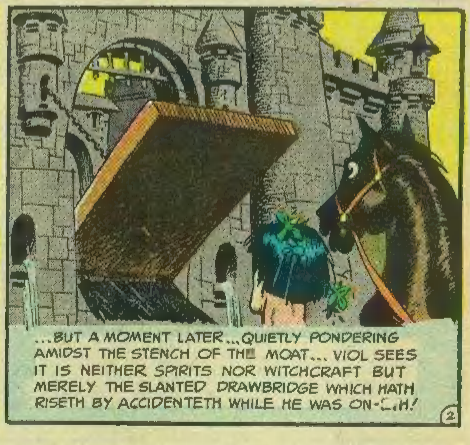

what!
...A VISION OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL NAMED ALOTA! AND OF LONG GOLDEN HAIR SHE HAS ALOTA!... THIS IS THE WOMAN OF PRINCE VIOLENT'S DREAMS AND IN A MOMENT, HE TRYETH TO PURSUETH, BUT HE GETS STUCKETH!


ALAS... HIS LANCE DOES NOT FIT SIDEWAYS THROUGH THE PORTCULIS! AND WHEN HE FINALLY FIGURES IT OUT AND TRAMPS ACROSS THE DRAWBRIDGE, THE MAIDEN IS GONETH!

...AND PRINCE VIOLENT HAS BARELY LEFT THE CASTLE OF HIS FATHER WHEN HIS TROUBLES BEGIN!... HE IS CAUGHT WITH HIS STEED IN THE GRIP OF SOME FORCE...


...THAT PULLS HORSE AND RIDER BACKWARDS! 'INDEED, THIS IS WITCHCRAFT,' VIOL THINKS TO HIMSELF! (WE'LL CALL HIM 'VIOL' OR 'VILE' FOR SHORT!)

...HOWEVER, THE VALIANT MOUNT CLAWS HIS WAY TO THE END OF THE BRIDGE... BUT SOME SORCERY HAS TAKEN AWAY THE LAND AND, AS VIOL FALLS, HE THINKS 'THIS IS THE WORK OF SPIRITS ... INTOXICATING SPIRITS I DRANK BEFORE I LEFT'!


...BUT A MOMENT LATER... QUIETLY PONDERING AMIDST THE STENCH OF THE MOAT... VIOL SEES IT IS NEITHER SPIRITS NOR WITCHCRAFT BUT MERELY THE SLANTED DRAWBRIDGE WHICH HATH RISETH BY ACCIDENTETH WHILE HE WAS ON-[illegible]!
2

AND SO, AFTER HE GOETH BACK HOME AND CHANGETH HIS RUSTY CHAIN MAIL FOR A FRESH-PRESSED, CRISP, OILED CHAIN-MAIL, HE DOTH SET OUT UPON THE HIGH-ROAD!

...SEEKING DIRECTIONS AS TO WHICH WAY ALOTA HATH GONE, PRINCE VIOLENT STOPPETH A MAN WHOM, BY HIS POINTY-SHAPED HELMET, VIOL TAKETH TO BE A SOLDIER!

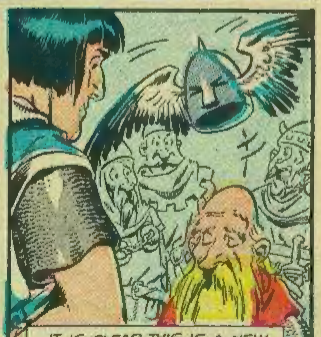
IMAGINE VIOL'S SURPRISE WHEN HE DISCOVERETH THE VARLET HATH NO HELMET ON AT ALL! THE MAN POINTETH OUT WHERE THE MAIDEN HATH PASSED...

...PRINCE VIOLENT SETS OUT IN THE DIRECTION THAT HAS BEEN POINTETH BY THE MAN WHOSE HEAD HAS ALSO BEEN POINTETH!... AFTER MANY WEARY DAYS OF JOURNEYING, VIOL'S HEART LEAPS AS HE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF LONG GOLDEN HAIR!... ALOTA!

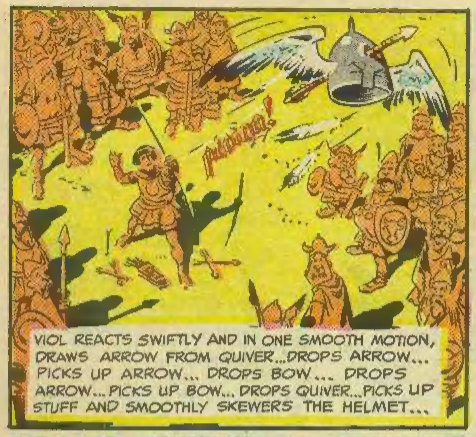
...AND IT IS ONLY WHEN HE HAS SKIPPED OVER AND SWEPT THE HAIR TO HIS LIPS... IT IS ONLY *THEN* THAT THE BURRS, THE UNWASHED SMELL, THE LITTLE MOVING THINGS TELL HIM THAT THIS IS NOT A MAIDEN'S HAIR BUT A WARRIOR'S *BEAD!*

VIKINGS... FIERCE SEA ROVERS FROM THE NORTH... WARRIORS WITH WINGED HELMETS!... VIOL GRASPS HIS SINGING SWORD BY THE HAFT...TO STOP ITS SINGING!

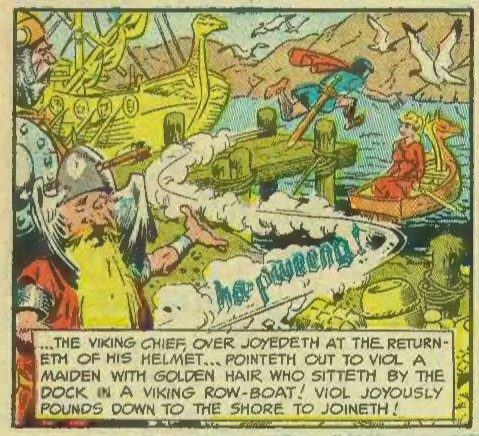
...ALL CONCERNED ARE EQUALLY SHOCKED AND THEY STAND LIKE STATUES! NOTHING MOVES BUT THE WINGS ON THE VIKING CHIEF'S HELMET!

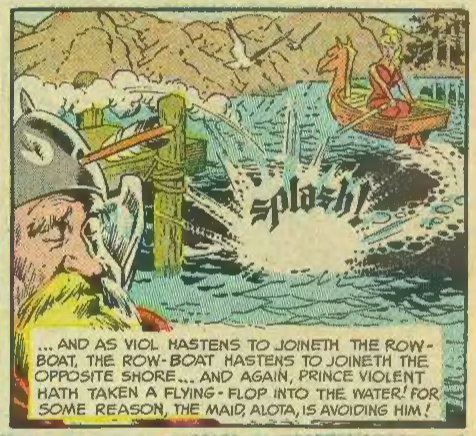


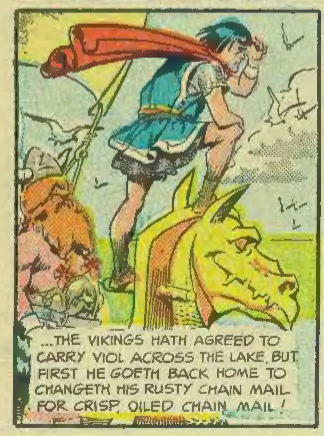
...IT IS CLEAR THIS IS A NEW HELMET... THE WINGS NOT QUITE DEAD! IF NO ONE MAKES A MOVE, THE CHIEF WILL LOSE A VERY FINE HELMET!


pinnng!
VIOL REACTS SWIFTLY AND IN ONE SMOOTH MOTION, DRAWS ARROW FROM QUIVER...DROPS ARROW... PICKS UP ARROW... DROPS BOW... DROPS ARROW... PICKS UP BOW... DROPS QUIVER...PICKS UP STUFF AND SMOOTHLY SKEWERS THE HELMET...

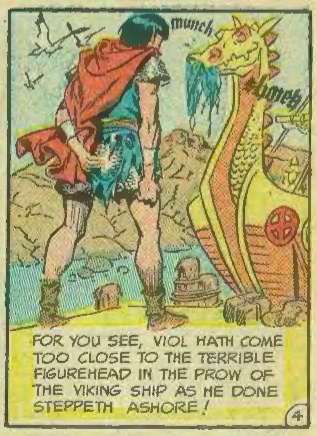
thud!
...AFTER TWELVE SHOTS, THAT IS!... VIOL'S NEAT SHOT DROPS THE HELMET! HE PICKS UP THE HELMET AND DROPS THE QUIVER... PICKS UP QUIVER... DROPS HELMET AND BOW... PICKS UP BOW...DROPS QUIVER, HELMET, BOW, ARROW, CHAIN MAIL, PANTS...

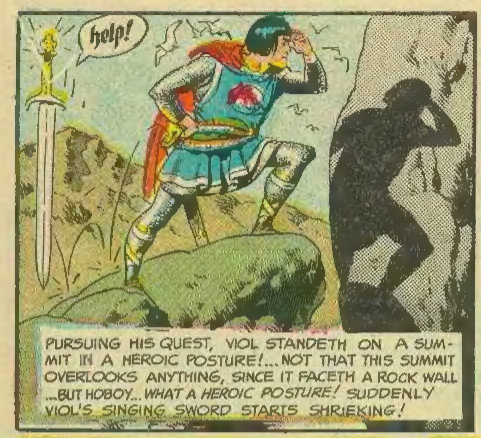

hey queeng!
...THE VIKING CHIEF, OVER JOYEDETH AT THE RETURNETH OF HIS HELMET... POINTETH OUT TO VIOL A MAIDEN WITH GOLDEN HAIR WHO SITTETH BY THE DOCK IN A VIKING ROW-BOAT! VIOL JOYOUSLY POUNDS DOWN TO THE SHORE TO JOINETH!

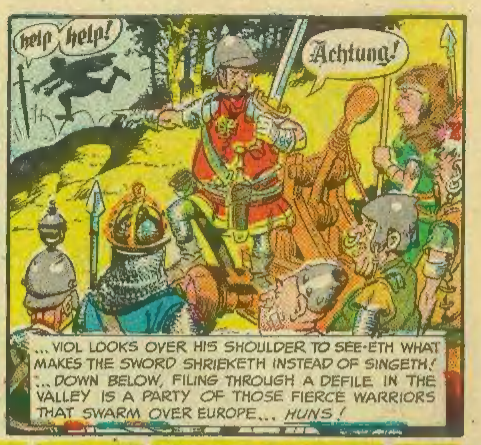

splash!
... AND AS VIOL HASTENS TO JOINETH THE ROW-BOAT, THE ROW-BOAT HASTENS TO JOINETH THE OPPOSITE SHORE... AND AGAIN, PRINCE VIOLENT HATH TAKEN A FLYING-FLOP INTO THE WATER! FOR SOME REASON, THE MAID, ALOTA, IS AVOIDING HIM!

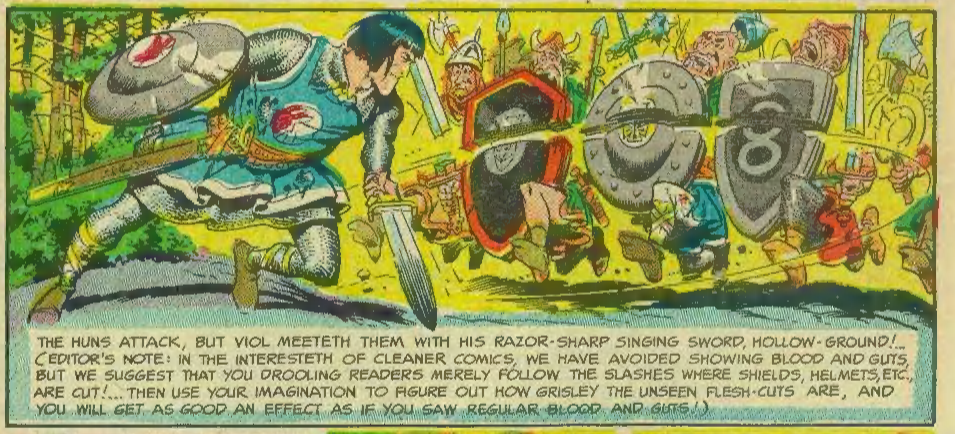

...THE VIKINGS HATH AGREED TO CARRY VIOL ACROSS THE LAKE, BUT FIRST HE GOETH BACK HOME TO CHANGETH HIS RUSTY CHAIN MAIL FOR CRISP, OILED CHAIN MAIL!

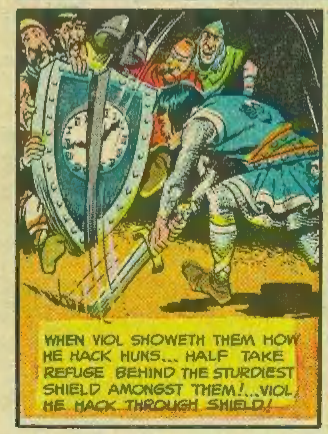
oooga!
VERILY, THE DRY-CLEANERS DOTH DO A GOOD BUSINESS! ANYHOW, THE VIKINGS DOTH TAKE VIOL ACROSS THE LAKE WHERE HE IS SMITTEN BY A TERRIBLE PAIN!


munch
munch
FOR YOU SEE, VIOL HATH COME TOO CLOSE TO THE TERRIBLE FIGUREHEAD IN THE PROW OF THE VIKING SHIP AS HE DONE STEPPETH ASHORE!


help!
PURSUING HIS QUEST, VIOL STANDETH ON A SUMMIT IN A HEROIC POSTURE!... NOT THAT THIS SUMMIT OVERLOOKS ANYTHING, SINCE IT FACETH A ROCK WALL ...BUT HOBOY... WHAT A HEROIC POSTURE! SUDDENLY VIOL'S SINGING SWORD STARTS SHRIEKING!


help
help!
Achtung!
... VIOL LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER TO SEE-ETH WHAT MAKES THE SWORD SHRIEKETH INSTEAD OF SINGETH! ... DOWN BELOW, FILING THROUGH A DEFILE IN THE VALLEY IS A PARTY OF THOSE FIERCE WARRIORS THAT SWARM OVER EUROPE... HUNS!


THE HUNS ATTACK, BUT VIOL MEETETH THEM WITH HIS RAZOR-SHARP SINGING SWORD, HOLLOW-GROUND!... (EDITOR'S NOTE: IN THE INTERESTETH OF CLEANER COMICS, WE HAVE AVOIDED SHOWING BLOOD AND GUTS, BUT WE SUGGEST THAT YOU DROOLING READERS MERELY FOLLOW THE SLASHES WHERE SHIELDS, HELMETS, ETC., ARE CUT!... THEN USE YOUR IMAGINATION TO FIGURE OUT HOW GRISLEY THE UNSEEN FLESH-CUTS ARE, AND YOU WILL GET AS GOOD AN EFFECT AS IF YOU SAW REGULAR BLOOD AND GUTS!)


WHEN VIOL SHOWETH THEM HOW HE HACK HUNS... HALF TAKE REFUGE BEHIND THE STURDIEST SHIELD AMONGST THEM!... VIOL HE HACK THROUGH SHIELD!

WHEN HUNS SEE HUNS HE HACK, MANY TAKE REFUGE BEHIND A HUGE STURDY OAK! BUT VIOL, HE HACK THEM HUNS SAME AS HOW HE HACK HALF!

WHEN VIOL SEES IN BACK OF A BOULDER, THE LAST HUN... HOW HUN HIDES HACK, HE HACK HIM HOW HE HACK... HALF... HE... HE... HOO HEE... HOO HOO HEEHEE...

there is nothing like a Dame...

NOW VIOL SHEATHES HIS FABULOUS SWORD IN ITS ORNATE, ENCRUSTED SCABBARD... ITS ORNATE, CRUD ENCRUSTED SCABBARD, AND WHILE STRIKING A HEROIC POSTURE ON A CONVENIENT WINDBLOWN SUMMIT, HE SEES KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE AND THE FAIR MAID ALOTA HURRYING TOWARDS IT!

SHE GOETH INSIDE AND VIOL, ATTEMPTING TO FOLLOW, IS BARRED BY A WELL-MEANING KNIGHT, WHO CHALLENGES VIOL BY THE TIME-HONORED CUSTOM OF TAKING OFF HIS HEAVY, STEEL GAUNTLETED, RIVETED, IRON BOUND GLOVE AND THROWING IT TO THE GROUND!

Gnaa

UNFORTUNATELY, IT LANDETH ON PRINCE VIOLENT'S TOE AND IT IS SOME TIME BEFORE HE GAINS HIS COMPOSURE ENOUGH TO PREPARE FOR COMBAT! FORTUNATELY FOR HIM, THE CUSTOM IS NOT YET IN VOGUE FOR A CHALLENGER TO SLAP THE FACE WITH THE GLOVE!

Schwekenheimer

cut-rate armor

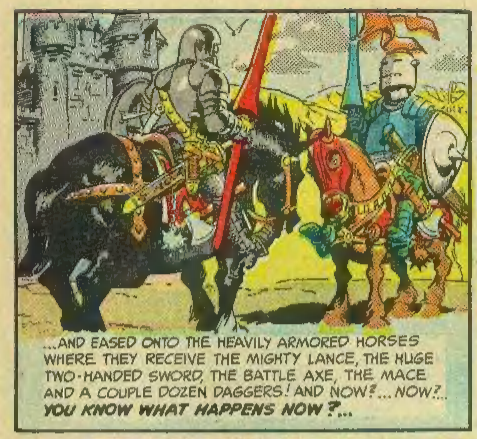
ALBEIT... THE CONTESTANTS PREPARE TO TILT... TILT, BEING THE WORD THAT DESCRIBETH THE JOUST OR MOUNTED CONTEST... NOT TO BE CONFUSETH WITH THE PIN-BALL MACHINE CONTEST!... THE PONDEROUS ARMOR IS BROUGHT ON A GROANING WHEEL-BARROW!

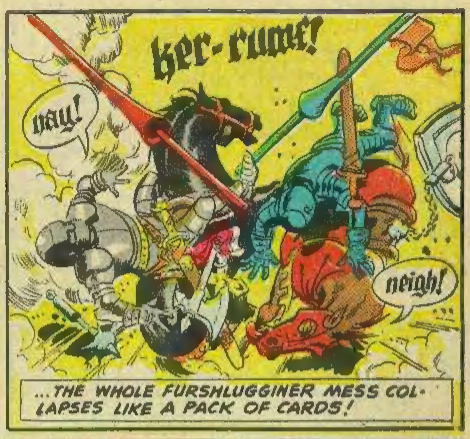
...FIRST A HAUBURK, A HEAVY COAT OF HAMMERED-LINK CHAIN-MAIL IS FITTED OVER THE CONTESTANTS' TUNICS..

...THEN THE THICK, PROTECTIVE IRON CUIRASS AND THE WEIGHTY IRON LEG PROTECTORS ARE TIED...

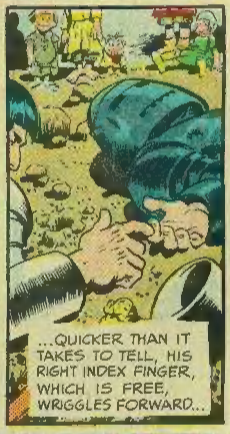
...NEXT THE HEAVY... THICKEST-OF-ALL PIECE OF IRON... THE HEUME OR HELMET, DROPPED OVER THE GORGET WITH A KLANK!

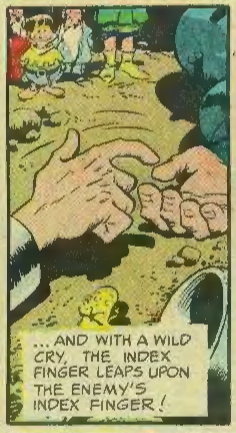
THE ARMORED WARRIORS, TOO WEIGHTED DOWN TO MOVE, ARE PAINFULLY HOISTED OVER THEIR MOUNTS...


...AND EASED ONTO THE HEAVILY ARMORED HORSES WHERE THEY RECEIVE THE MIGHTY LANCE, THE HUGE TWO-HANDED SWORD, THE BATTLE AXE, THE MACE AND A COUPLE DOZEN DAGGERS! AND NOW?...NOW?... YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NOW?...


ker-rum!
nay!
neigh!
...THE WHOLE FURSHLUGGINER MESS COLLAPSES LIKE A PACK OF CARDS!

THOUGH VIOL IS PINNED FAST BY HIS PRODIGIOUS ARMOR, HE IS MADE OF STURDIER STUFF...

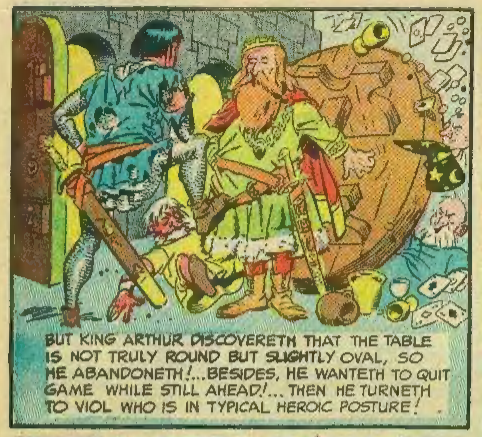

...QUICKER THAN IT TAKES TO TELL, HIS RIGHT INDEX FINGER, WHICH IS FREE, WRIGGLES FORWARD...

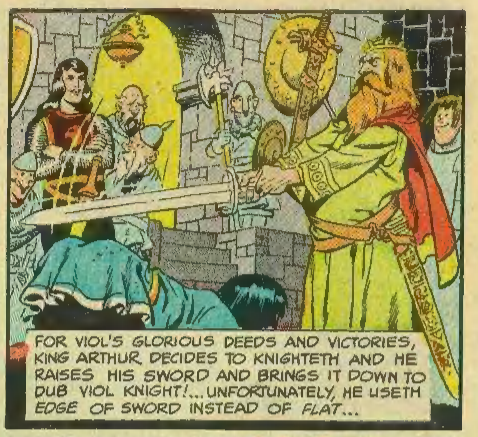

...AND WITH A WILD CRY, THE INDEX FINGER LEAPS UPON THE ENEMY'S INDEX FINGER!

...BOTH HANDS ROLL OVER AND OVER, THRASHING UP A CLOUD OF DUST WHICH HIDES THE FEARFUL COMBAT!

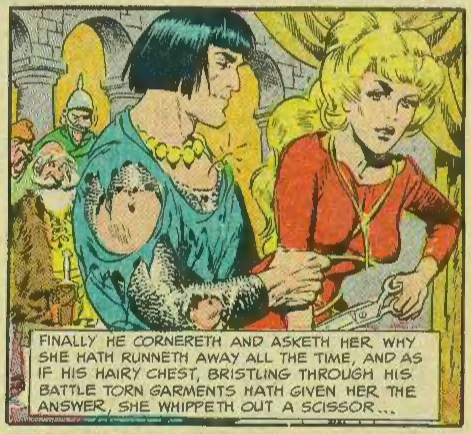
ALL THROUGH THE AFTERNOON THEY BATTLE, BUT FINALLY, DUE TO VIOL'S CLEAN LIVING, 100% AMERICANISM, AND HE DOESN'T BITE HIS NAILS... HE DOTH GET A GRIP THAT HIS ENEMY CANNOT BREAKETH AND VIOL WINS THE THUMB-WRESTLE!

higher sire?
I'll see thee.
who dealt this mess?
PRINCE VIOLENT IS THEN SUMMONED TO THE FABULOUS ROUND TABLE WHERE KING ARTHUR SITTETH WITH HIS KNIGHTS TO DISCUSS BATTLES, TO DISCUSS GLORIOUS DEEDS, TO DISCUSS VICTORIES, BUT MAINLY TO PLAYETH CARDS!


BUT KING ARTHUR DISCOVERETH THAT THE TABLE IS NOT TRULY ROUND BUT SLIGHTLY OVAL, SO HE ABANDONETH!...BESIDES, HE WANTETH TO QUIT GAME WHILE STILL AHEAD!... THEN HE TURNETH TO VIOL WHO IS IN TYPICAL HEROIC POSTURE!


FOR VIOL'S GLORIOUS DEEDS AND VICTORIES, KING ARTHUR DECIDES TO KNIGHTETH AND HE RAISES HIS SWORD AND BRINGS IT DOWN TO DUB VIOL KNIGHT!...UNFORTUNATELY, HE USETH EDGE OF SWORD INSTEAD OF FLAT...

oops!
...SPLITTING THE KNEELING FIGURE BEFORE HIM IN TWAIN! HOWEVER, THE KNEELING FIGURE IS THE BOOT-BLACK WHO KNEELETH TO POLISH THE KING'S BOOTS!... HAPPILY, VIOL HATH CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE SHY MAIDEN, ALOTA, AND PURSUETH!


FINALLY HE CORNERETH AND ASKETH HER WHY SHE HATH RUNNETH AWAY ALL THE TIME, AND AS IF HIS HAIRY CHEST, BRISTLING THROUGH HIS BATTLE TORN GARMENTS HATH GIVEN HER THE ANSWER, SHE WHIPPETH OUT A SCISSOR...

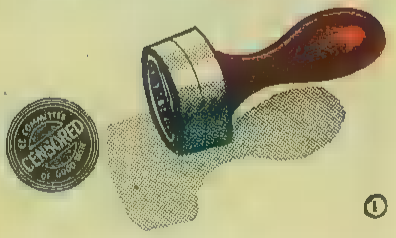
...VIOL, WHO SEES THE WILD LOOK SHE GIVES HIS CHEST, SHRINKS TO DEFEND THE SINGLE HAIR THAT GROWETH THEREON... BUT HE IS NOT QUICK ENOUGH!

...AND NOW, ALOTA STANDS BACK, SMILING, AND SAYS, 'YOU SEE, PRINCE VIOLENT... THE REASON I ALWAYS RAN-ETH WHEN YOU PURSUETH WAS...'

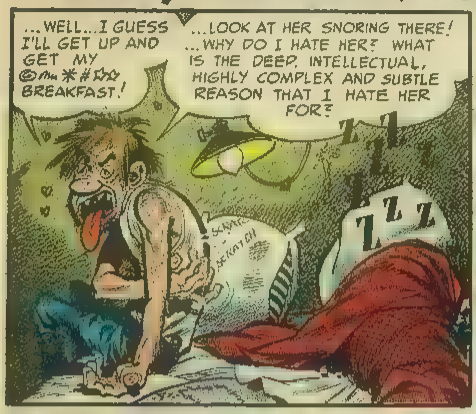
'...I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE A WOMAN WITH THAT PAGE-BOY BOB YOU WORE!...NOW I SEE YOU ARE A MAN!'... THEY KISSETH!...OUR STORY ENDETH!

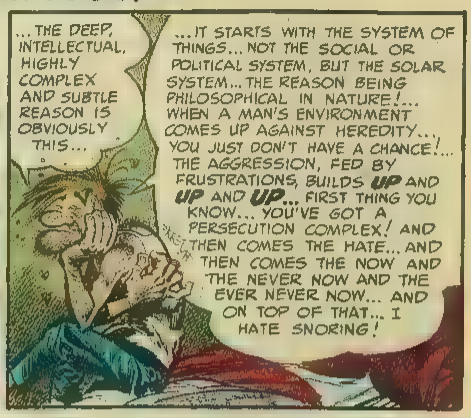
BEFORE WE LAUNCH INTO OUR STORY, WE'D LIKE TO NOTE THAT IN UNDERTAKING THIS FEATURE, ***MAD*** FACED THE PROBLEM THAT ***IF*** WE DUPLICATED A TYPICAL MODERN NOVEL IN THIS COMIC BOOK... WE'D BE RUN OUT OF TOWN ON A RAIL!... SO, IN THE INTERESTS OF GOOD TASTE, US EDITORS HAVE EMPLOYED THE CENSORSHIP STAMP THAT WE PICTURE HERE!... WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS STAMP, YOU WILL KNOW THAT WE OF ***MAD*** HAVE CANCELLED PORTIONS OF PICTURES WE HAVE DEEMED IMMORAL, INDECENT AND MAINLY BAD FOR BUSINESS!

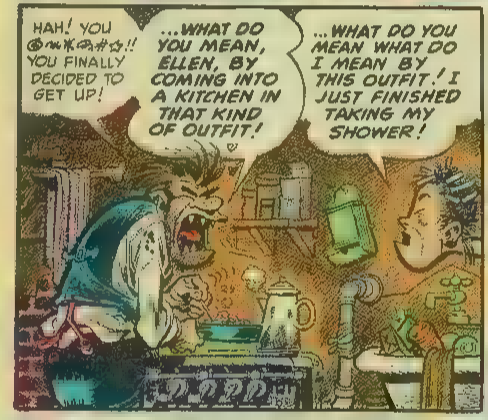
—the editors of 'Mad.'

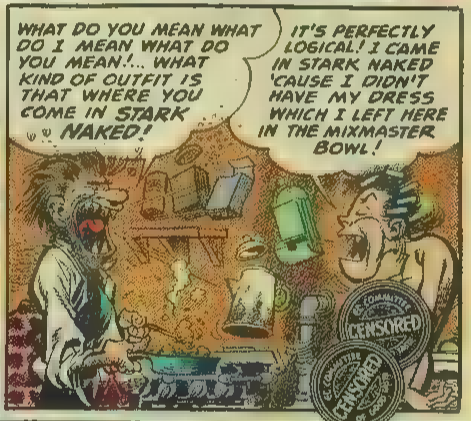


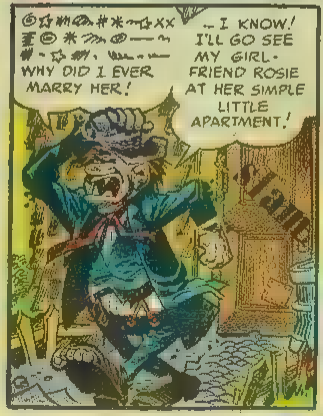
...FIRST, THE BOOK VERSION...

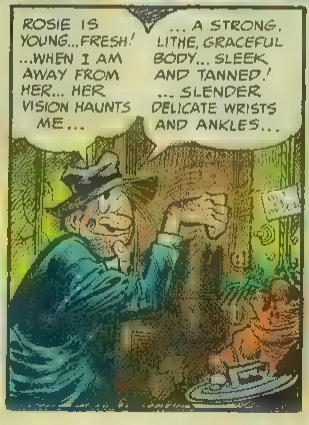


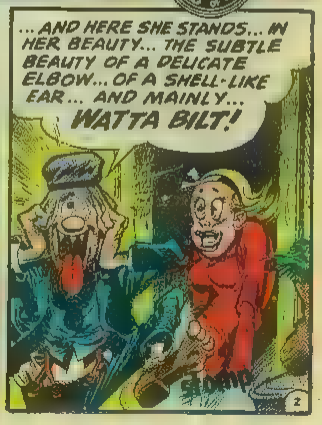












ROSIE! @%&#@ xx ~! WHEN I SEE YOUR RUBY LIPS LEANING HUNGRILY TOWARDS ME, I GET A YEARNING, ACHING, STOMACH TWISTING, ACHING, YEARNING PAINING, ACHING, AND I LEAN MY LIPS FORWARD FOR **I WANT... I WANT... I WANT...**

...A ASPIRIN?

...I WANT TO KISS YOU...

...MY LITTLE ASPIRIN!

Kiss SIZZLE SLUSH kiss SLUSH kiss

CENSORED

MY DARLING... NOW THAT OUR LIPS HAVE MET IN WILD EMBRACE... NOW THAT YOUR HAIR IS DELIGHTFULLY TOUSELED... YOUR LIPS DELIGHTFULLY SMEARED... MY EMOTIONS ARE CONDENSED INTO A WORD... WHICH IS...

...ECHH!

KLIK

O.K., ROSIE... LET THE SUCKER GO!... I'VE GOT THE PICTURE!

@#%X! WHAT'S THIS? A %#@# FRAME-UP?

GIMME THAT %@*~#% FILM, YOU %@#%&!

uk gimmk eh egh

ug GIMME ek umph

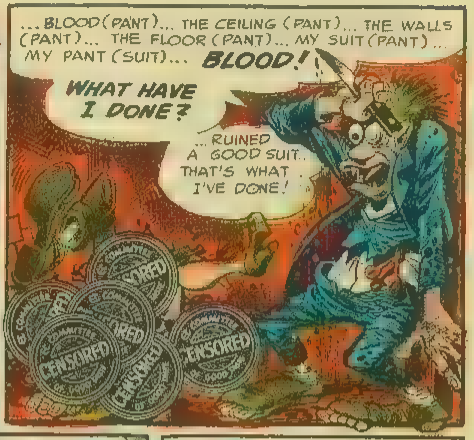
NNAAGGH!

CENSORED

(PUFF)... (PUFF)... TIRED... WHUTSIS... KITCHEN DRAWER... INSIDE AMONGST FORKS AND SPOONS... (PUFF)...

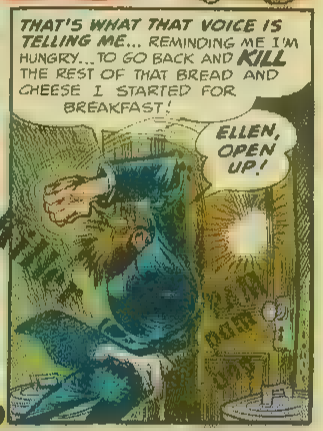
A KNIFE!

NO! DON'T DO IT!... NOT THE KNIFE IN THE FACE!
Hac!
Hac!
CENSORED

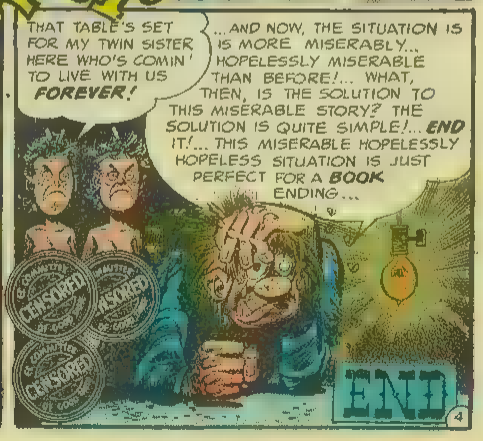

...BLOOD (PANT)... THE CEILING (PANT)... THE WALLS (PANT)... THE FLOOR (PANT)... MY SUIT (PANT)... MY PANT (SUIT)... BLOOD!
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
...RUINED A GOOD SUIT... THAT'S WHAT I'VE DONE!
CENSORED

I'M A KILLER!... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! ...BUT WHERE TO?
...WHAT'S THAT?
Killer
KILLER

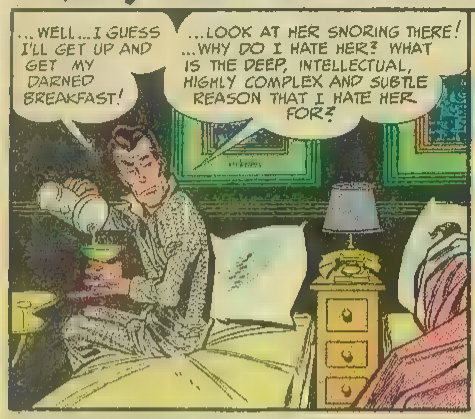
...THE VOICE OF MY CONSCIENCE!... WHAT DOES IT MEAN!... I KNOW... GO BACK HOME!... GO BACK TO MY WIFE ELLEN!
Killer
Killer
Killer
Killer

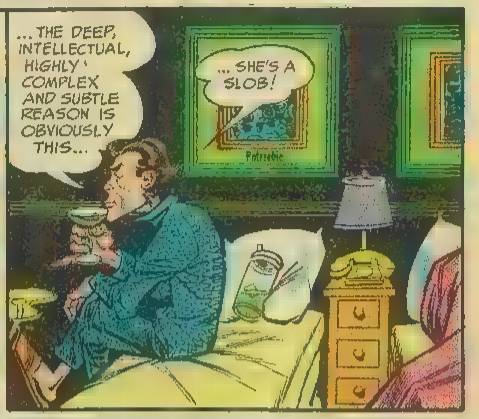

THAT'S WHAT THAT VOICE IS TELLING ME... REMINDING ME I'M HUNGRY... TO GO BACK AND KILL THE REST OF THAT BREAD AND CHEESE I STARTED FOR BREAKFAST!
ELLEN, OPEN UP!
Killer

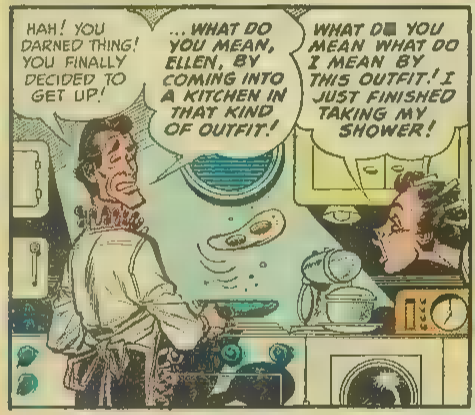
ELLEN! YOU'VE GOT THE TABLE SET FOR ME! WHILE I RAN OUT ON YOU... YOU HAVE STAYED FAITHFUL TO ME!... WHILE I WAS READY TO THROW AWAY EVERYTHING FOR A PRETTY FACE... YOU WERE THE TRUE COMPANION AND STAYED FAITHFUL TO ME! GOOD DOG, ELLEN!... GOOD DOG!... CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?
HANDS OFF THAT TABLE! WHEN DID YOU GET BACK? I THOUGHT YOU LEFT FOR GOOD!

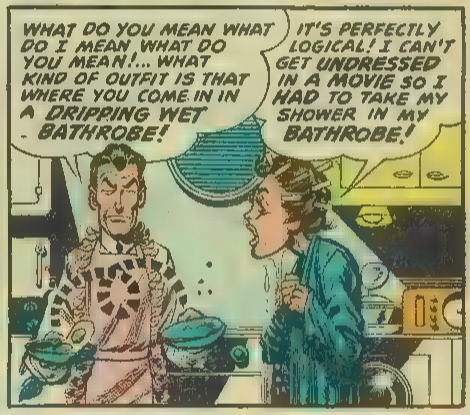

THAT TABLE'S SET FOR MY TWIN SISTER HERE WHO'S COMIN' TO LIVE WITH US FOREVER!
...AND NOW, THE SITUATION IS IS MORE MISERABLY... HOPELESSLY MISERABLE THAN BEFORE!... WHAT, THEN, IS THE SOLUTION TO THIS MISERABLE STORY? THE SOLUTION IS QUITE SIMPLE!... END IT!... THIS MISERABLE HOPELESSLY HOPELESS SITUATION IS JUST PERFECT FOR A BOOK ENDING...
END
CENSORED

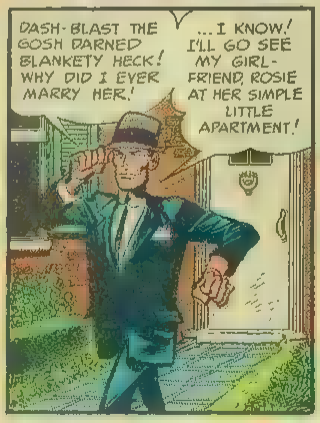
...NOW, THE MOVIE VERSION...

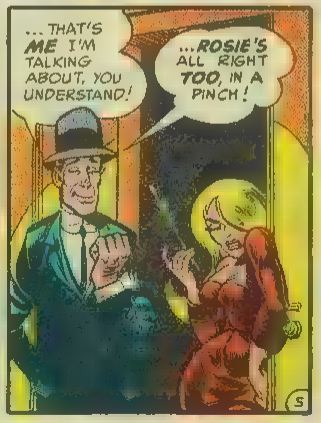


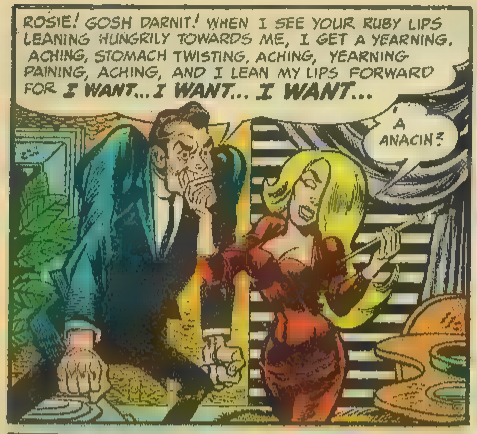


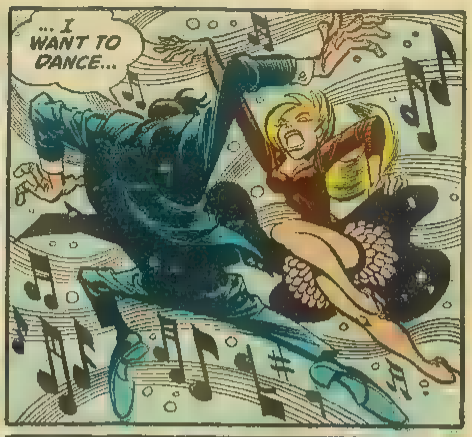


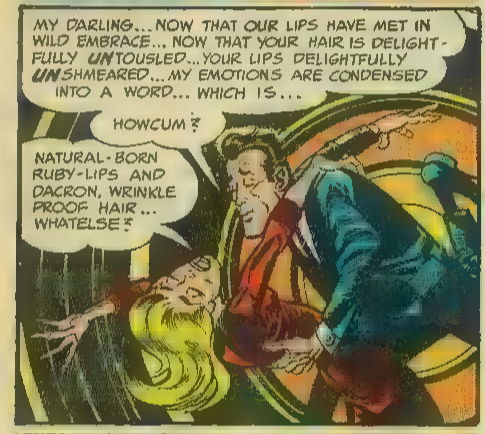


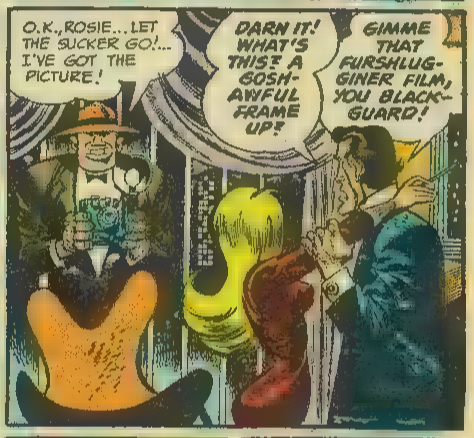





ROSIE! GOSH DARNIT! WHEN I SEE YOUR RUBY LIPS LEANING HUNGRILY TOWARDS ME, I GET A YEARNING, ACHING, STOMACH TWISTING, ACHING, YEARNING PAINING, ACHING, AND I LEAN MY LIPS FORWARD FOR I WANT... I WANT... I WANT...
A ANACIN?


... I WANT TO DANCE...


MY DARLING... NOW THAT OUR LIPS HAVE MET IN WILD EMBRACE... NOW THAT YOUR HAIR IS DELIGHTFULLY UNTOUSLED... YOUR LIPS DELIGHTFULLY UNSHMEARED... MY EMOTIONS ARE CONDENSED INTO A WORD... WHICH IS...
HOWCUM?
NATURAL-BORN RUBY-LIPS AND DACRON, WRINKLE PROOF HAIR... WHATELSE?

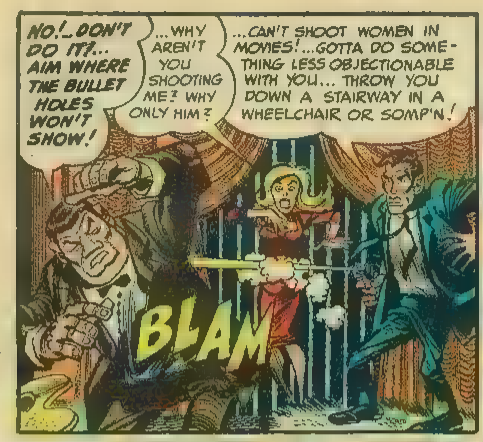

O.K., ROSIE... LET THE SUCKER GO!... I'VE GOT THE PICTURE!
DARN IT! WHAT'S THIS? A GOSH-AWFUL FRAME UP?
GIMME THAT FURSHLUGGINER FILM, YOU BLACKGUARD!

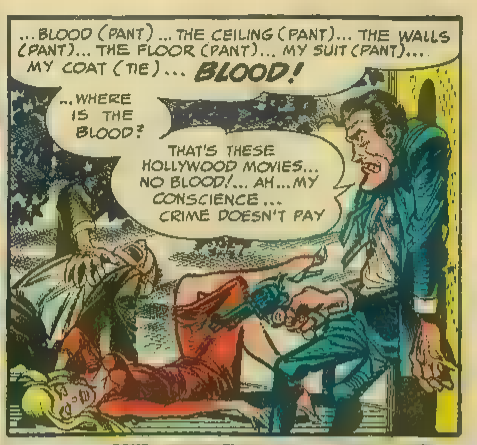
crack

crunch

bap

(PUFF)... (PUFF)... TIRED... WHUTSIS... KITCHEN DRAWER... INSIDE AMONGST FORKS AND SPOONS... (PUFF)... A REVOLVER!

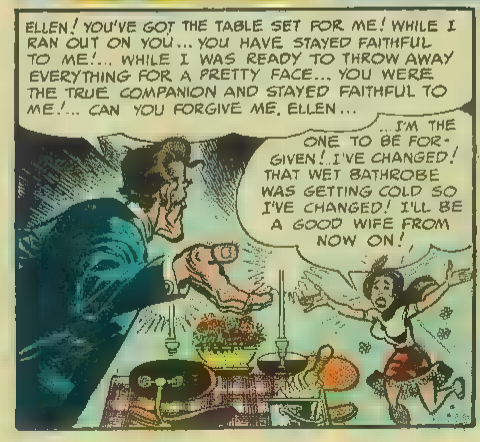

NO!..DON'T DO IT?... AIM WHERE THE BULLET HOLES WON'T SHOW!
...WHY AREN'T YOU SHOOTING ME? WHY ONLY HIM?
...CAN'T SHOOT WOMEN IN MOVIES!...GOTTA DO SOMETHING LESS OBJECTIONABLE WITH YOU... THROW YOU DOWN A STAIRWAY IN A WHEELCHAIR OR SOMP'N!
BLAM

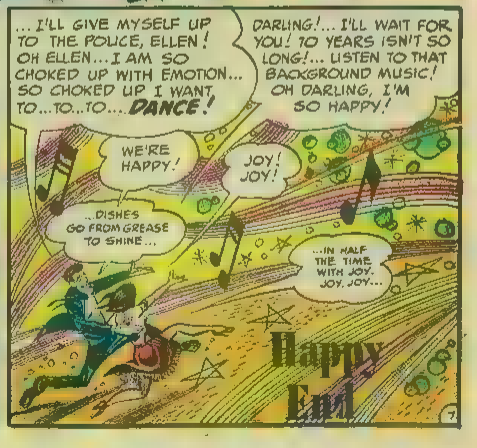

...BLOOD (PANT) ... THE CEILING (PANT)... THE WALLS (PANT)... THE FLOOR (PANT)... MY SUIT (PANT)... MY COAT (TIE)... BLOOD!
...WHERE IS THE BLOOD?
THAT'S THESE HOLLYWOOD MOVIES... NO BLOOD!... AH...MY CONSCIENCE... CRIME DOESN'T PAY

I'M A KILLER!...I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!... BUT WHERE TO?
...WHAT'S THAT?
Killer
KILLER

...THE VOICE OF MY CONSCIENCE!...WHAT DOES IT MEAN!... I KNOW...GO BACK HOME... GO BACK TO MY WIFE ELLEN!

THAT'S WHAT THAT VOICE IS TELLING ME... THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY... THAT HASTE MAKES WASTE AND A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE...
ELLEN, OPEN UP!
Bam Bam


ELLEN! YOU'VE GOT THE TABLE SET FOR ME! WHILE I RAN OUT ON YOU... YOU HAVE STAYED FAITHFUL TO ME!... WHILE I WAS READY TO THROW AWAY EVERYTHING FOR A PRETTY FACE... YOU WERE THE TRUE COMPANION AND STAYED FAITHFUL TO ME!... CAN YOU FORGIVE ME, ELLEN...
...I'M THE ONE TO BE FORGIVEN! I'VE CHANGED! THAT WET BATHROBE WAS GETTING COLD SO I'VE CHANGED! I'LL BE A GOOD WIFE FROM NOW ON!


...I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP TO THE POLICE, ELLEN! OH ELLEN...I AM SO CHOKED UP WITH EMOTION... SO CHOKED UP I WANT TO...TO...TO....DANCE!
DARLING!... I'LL WAIT FOR YOU! 10 YEARS ISN'T SO LONG!... LISTEN TO THAT BACKGROUND MUSIC! OH DARLING, I'M SO HAPPY!
WE'RE HAPPY!
JOY! JOY!
...DISHES GO FROM GREASE TO SHINE...
...IN HALF THE TIME WITH JOY, JOY, JOY...
Happy End

And now, MAD takes a very serious turn toward politics. Events have been moving and shaping in Europe with increasing rapidity. One of the key pieces in the international chess game is the oft forgotten nation of Greece. We are, then, devoting this column in MAD to a very sober discussion on the significance of Greece in this present struggle of ideologies. Our writer is considered one of the leading analysts on Greece, and one whose opinion here might well reveal the future that we and the world face in the next hundred years. Here then is our article:

ΘΕΑΤΡΙΚΟ ΕΡΓΟ

by

ΖΗΤΟΥΝΤΑΙ ΔΙΕΥΘΥΝΣΕΙΣ

ΕΫΠΡΟΣΔΕΚΤΟΣ ΑΠΟΦΑΣ

Μία σοβαρά πρὸ ἡμερῶν: «Ἐγνώσθη ἐνταῦθα, ὅτι, ἡ ην Προέδρου Τρούμαν Μάργκαρετ, ἐγκατα διοδρομίαν της, ὡς καλλιτέχνιδος τοῦ ἄσ εἰς τὴν πολιτικήν. Θεωρεῖται βέβαιον ὅτι θ ιμφία βουλευτίνα εἰς τὰς μελλοντικὰς ἐκλ ἡ ἀνήσυχος δεσποινίς, φρονεῖ, ὅτι ἀρκετὰ ἐ καὶ ἐπιθυμεῖ τώρα νὰ ἐκτεθῇ καὶ εἰς τὴν κονίστραν. Ὑπάρχει ἐλπὶς, πάντως, νὰ κάμ κὴν ὀλιγώτερα φάλτσα, ἀπὸ ὅσα ἔχει δια γοῦδί της.....

ΟΙ 28 ΑΫΣΦΗΜΙΣΤΑΙ

Διατί ἔφυγαν ■ τῆς ἑλληνικῆς Θράκης, οἱ ὁποῖοι τώρα τρ γήσεις εἰς βάρος τῶν ἑλληνικῶν διοικητικ λεμικὴν τῶν ἐχθρῶν τῆς ἑλληνοτουρκικῆς φ οι δύνανται νὰ δώσουν ἐπιχειρήματα εἰς τ τὸ ἑλληνικὸν στοιχεῖον τῆς Κωνσταντινουπ ὅτι ἐπιβάλλεται μία ἐπίσημος κυβερνητικ τοῦ θέματος αὐτοῦ.

ΘΕΤΙΚΑΙ ΕΠΙΤΕΫΞΕΙΣ

Πρέπει νὰ χα γελία ἐξαιρετικῆς διὰ τὴν χώραν σημασίας, ἀπὸ τὸν Ὑπουργὸν τοῦ Συντονισμοῦ ἔναρξι τοῦ Ἀλιάκμονος, τοῦ Ἀξιοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ἀχελ σκευὴν τῶν ἐν λόγῳ ἔργων, διὰ τὴν ὁποίαν αἱ σχετικαὶ ἀποφάσεις τῆς χρηματοδοτήσε ὁ ἐγκαινιασμὸς προβλέπεται, τοὐλάχιστον δύο πρῶτα φράγματα, δηλαδὴ τοῦ Ἀλιάκ ξιοῦ, νὰ πραγματοποιηθῇ ἐντὸς τῶν μέσω Νοεμβρίου, πρόκειται νὰ ἐξασφαλισθῇ ἡ ■ δων χιλιάδων στρεμμάτων, καθὼς καὶ ἡ ■

ΑΝΑΚΑΤΑΝΟΜΗ ΤΩΝ ΔΥΝΑΜΕΩΝ

Potrzebie

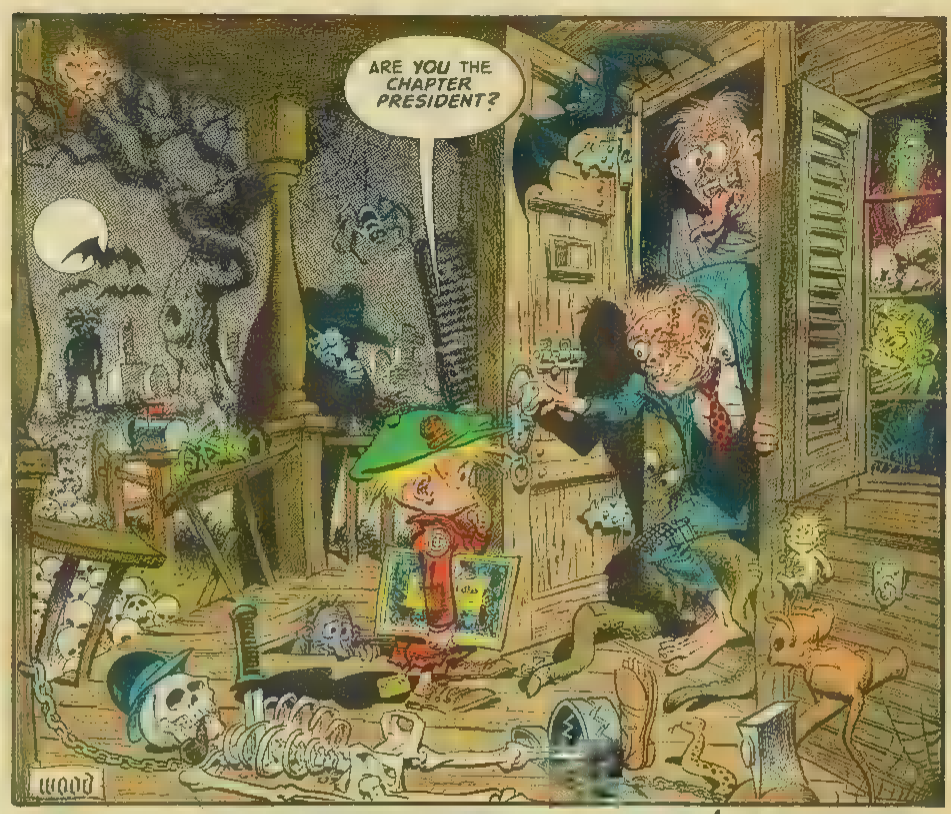
Μὲ τὴν πάροδ ὀργανώσεις μας, μικραὶ καὶ μεγάλαι, συμ καὶ τῆς Ἐκκλησίας μας, ἐπεκτείνονται, καταργοῦν παλαιὰ συστήματα καὶ ἐγκαθι μίαν λέξιν ἀναπροσαρμόζουν τὴν δρᾶσίν τ μιαίαν καὶ σταθερὰν ἐξέλιξιν τῶν Ἑλ πραγμάτων. Αἴφνης τὰ τοπικὰ σωματεῖα τὸ παράδειγμα τῆς Ἀχέπα καὶ ἔπειτα τῆ σθησαν εἰς ὁμοσπονδίας διὰ νὰ ἔχουν κα συνέδριά των. Αἱ κοινότητες ἀπετέλεσαν κροτήματα κατὰ ἐπισκοπικὰς περιφέρειας κροτοῦν τὸ Κληρικολαϊκὸν συνέδριον. Οἱ ους τῆς Ἀχέπα ποὺ ἄλλοτε ἐπεξετείνοντο τελευταίως, ἐνῷ ἐπεκτείνεται τὸ κίνημα τ θοδόξου Νεολαίας Ἀμερικῆς ὑπὸ τὴν αἰ σκοπῆς. Ὅλα αὐτὰ καὶ ἄλλα, τὰ ὁποῖα ἀναφέρωμεν, ὑποδηλοῦν μίαν συνεχῆ ζύμω πὸς τῆς ὁποίας εἶναι ἡ ἐπιβίωσις ἑκάστης ἐπιβίωσίς μας ὡς θρησκευτικοφυλετικοῦ Ἀλλ' ἡ ζύμωσις αὕτη ἐὰν δὲν προκαλῇ ουργεῖ ἐν τούτοις μίαν σύγχυσιν ὑπὸ τὴν σπαταλῶνται αἱ ἠθικαὶ καὶ ὑλικαὶ δυνάμ μὴ ἀποδοτικά. Αὐτὴ βεβαίως εἶναι μία τῆς δυναμικότητος τοῦ Ἑλληνοαμερικανι ὁποίαν θὰ ἦτο εὐχῆς ἔργον ἐὰν ἡμπορούσα ματοποιήσωμεν οὕτως ὥστε νὰ γνωρίζῃ ποὺ θὰ παίξῃ εἰς τὴν γενικὴν προσπάθεια μας ὡς ἐνιαίου συγκροτήματος. Εὐτυχῶς ἀρκετοὶ ὥστε ὁ καθένας νὰ ἠμπορῇ νὰ εὖ καὶ νὰ παίξῃ τὸ μέρος του μὲ τὴν μεγαλ εἰς χρῆμα, κόπους καὶ προσπάθειαν καὶ ἀποτέλεσμα εἰς τὴν ρηθεῖσαν προσπάθεια ὅτι θᾶττον ἢ βράδιον θὰ καταστῇ ἐπιβεβλ νομὴ τῶν δυνάμεων καὶ τῶν μέσων ἡμῶν γενικῆς κατευθύνσεως.

Καὶ πάλιν θριαμβεύσατε διὰ τὴν χε τοὺς ἀδελφούς μας σεισμοπλήκτους τῶν 200 ἀξιέπαινος τὸ ὅτι πασχίζετε διὰ τοὺς π μας εἰς τὴν γενέτειραν. Πάντοτε μὲ προθυμ ἀγάπην βοηθᾶτε ἐδῶ καὶ ἐκεῖ, καὶ διὰ τοῦ θα ὑπερήφανοι οἱ Ἕλληνες τῆς Ἀμερικῆς μας «Ἐθνικὸν Κήρυκα» ■ ὁποῖος σκορπίζ τοῦ Ἑλληνισμοῦ. Σᾶς συγχαίρω δι' ὅλα τὸν Ἑλληνισμὸν καὶ χαίρομαι.

Ἐσωκλείω ἐπιταγὴν τῶν 25 δολλ. ὡς φῶν μας καὶ ἑτοιμάζω δέματα ρουχισμοῦ λω ὅπως διαλαμβάνει ὁ «Ἐθν. Κήρυξ» τ Καθεδρικοῦ Ναοῦ Νέας Ὑόρκης.

Εἶναι καθῆκόν μας ὅλων τῶν Ἑλλήν μεν τοὺς ἀδελφούς μας τῆς μαύρης αὐτῆ επληξε τὰ ἔνδοξα Ἑλληνικὰ νησιὰ μας. Ο δελφοί μας χρειάζονται τὴν βοήθειάν μας νων ἐν Ἀμερικῇ, φάρμακα, τρόφιμα, ἱματ

Ἐμπρὸς λοιπὸν ἀγαπητοὶ ἀδελφοὶ ὅλοι μαζὶ, νὰ προσφέρωμεν τὸν ὀβολόν μ χρήματα παρὰ πάθε βοήθειαν ρουχισμὸν



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* * * * *

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THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB.
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

Here's my two bits! I want the things and stuff like the kid's wearing! I want to meet new friends like the kid's meeting! I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

...We (the duly elected, unheretofore mentioned parties of the first part) think that you (the unheretofore mentioned parties of the second part) publish, for the purpose of making filthy capitalistic money, a magazine (term applied loosely) fit only for idiots, practical jokers, hysterical politicians and college professors.—Reg. B. Wag 6⅞ (we drew the name out of a hat)—Texas A&M College, Tex.

....I thought that "Raven" story in MAD #9 was very cruel. You should not have had that old man feeding that dog that brand of dog-food. He should feed his dog "Snappo." It don't crackle or pop. It just lies there in the bowl in one big, wet, soggy mess.—Buck Knight—Waterford, Conn.

...1.—I've bought your mags at stores.
2.—I've got a subscription to all E.C.'s.
3.—I'm MAD member #457.
4.—I've bought your annual stories.
5.—I've sent you at least 40 letters in the past 2 years.

NOW...will you please print one of my letters. —Chick Casady—Fairborn, Ohio.

...Bop Joke...Two Kats out on the street in the daytime for the first time in years. First Kat says: "Man, that moon's the most!" Second Kat says: "Man, that's no moon! That's the sun!" Another Kat walking toward them has the question put to him. Third Kat says: "Man, I don't know what that is! This isn't my neighborhood!"—Colin Rowe, Jr.—(no address given)

...Bop Dictionary...
penny—BROWN ABE
nickel—SILVER JEFF
dime—THIN ONE
quarter—BIG GEORGE
half dollar—SILVER WING
dollar—CHLOROPHYL GEORGE
2 dollar bill—DUCE
5 dollar bill—ABE'S CABE
(Abe's cabbage patch)
—Two Kool Kats from the Mint—Philadelphia, Pa.

...Just what does "furshlugginer" mean?—Marcia Barritt—Langlois, Oregon

...What does "potrzebie" mean?—Paul Wolfowitz—(no address given)

...What does "blintzes" mean?—Strange Brice, Jr.—(no address given)

...What is "halavah"?—John Harrahy—Worcester, Mass.

Perhaps it might be all explained by illustrating the usage of the words in question, such as, "Who stuffed the furshlugginer blintzes with halavah? They taste like potrzebie!"

* * * * *

And now, a note on the fact that we've gone monthly!—ed.

...Monthly! C'est si bon!—Martin Jukovsky—Woodside, N. Y.

...Hey, fellows! Please lay off the French language. There seems to be some sort of contest going on to see who can botch it up the most.

It all started when one of your artists made a couple of grammatical errors in The Shiek of Araby. This was pounced on by David Platt in his mistake-laden letter, which, in turn, was torn to shreds by Dick Clarkson. Admittedly, Mr. Clarkson's letter was the better of the two, since I only counted ten mistakes without trying too hard.—Charles Sampson, University of Kentucky—Lexington, Kentucky

...When I saw Basil Wolverton's art in MAD #10, I almost swallowed my E.C. Fan button. He's my favorite artist from way back.—J. D. Carlson—Ridgewood, N. J.

...This copying of MAD can get a guy very mad. I read in one of your E.C.'s that a kid put all the E.C.'s, including MAD in front of the comic-book stand. So a friend of mine and I put all the MAD's and other E.C.'s in front of the stands. In the places we couldn't fill with E.C.'s, we put those goofy "love-sick" books in front.—John Varbel III—Oklahoma City, Okla.

...Due to the lack of good service from some furshlugginer idiots, I do not have all of your MAD issues. Where may I obtain back issues?—Floyd Séimes—Crescent Park, N. J.

Since we receive quite a number of requests for back-issues, we have obtained a limited amount of recalled copies which can be had by writing us and sending 15c for each back-issue desired.—ed.

Commercial: Subscriptions to MAD...one dollar...eight issues...manila envelopes! Please keep writing...! Address for sub orders or fan-mail is:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 13
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY DEPT.: YOU HAVE ALL, NO DOUBT, SEEN THEM THERE BABY PHOTOGRAPHS WITH A CAPTION UNDERNEATH SO'S IT HAS THE BABY TALKING LIKE MILTON BERLE! IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANY, YOU'RE ■ LUCK!... YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE MAD VERSION OF...

BABY QUIPS!

Heads down, men! The enemy troops are beginning to advance! Stay hidden till I give the signal to fire! Then everyone toss your gasoline-filled milk bottles!

Now take it easy, George! My opinion on the current fiscal expenditure situation is only one man's opinion, George! Don't get mad, George! ...Fold that diaper pin and put it back in your pocket, George! (2)

Awright... which wunna you guys made dat crack! Which wunna you guys said I'm gettin' bald?... I catch someone making a crack, I let dem have it, insteada da spitoon!

Oogle gbibble gbibble skibble! Skbibble google oogle goog! Goog oogle skblobble skobble! Gibble gbobble phrzzzt bzzt dribble! Iggle burb dribble zibble dzxk bzx!

Oooh mommee! Ooogle-oooh! New wattle? New wattle faw me? Oooh mommee! Heavy wattle! Ooogle-oooh... nice an' heavy... kin bust on popee's head... Ooooh!

Oooh daddy! Me wuv you, daddy! Oo wuv me?

CLASSIC-TYPE COMICS DEPT.: WELL, GANG... HERE'S MORE GRIST FOR THE BOOK REPORT MILL! COURSE, YOU CAN MAKE A NICE, SANE BOOK REPORT FROM A CERTAIN COMPETITOR'S HIGH-CLASS CLASSIC-TYPE COMIC BOOKS... BUT JUST THINK HOW YOUR TEACHER WILL BEAT CHALK ERASERS ON HIS HEAD WHEN HE READS YOUR BOOK REPORT ON *OUR* VERSION OF...

ROBINSON CRUSOE!

STOMACH PUMP ROOM SIDEWALK CAFE

AJAX... THE FOAMING CLEANSER... BUB BUB BUB BUB BUB BUB BUB...

AWWWKK! ...ROBINSON CRUSOE! ...NOT ENRICO CRUSOE BUT ROBINSON CRUSOE!

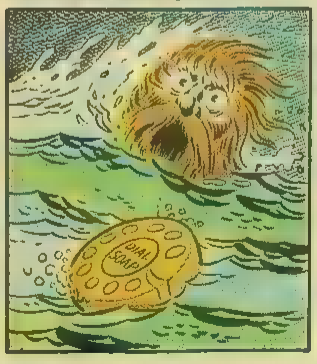
HELP!

VIEN LA ROSA

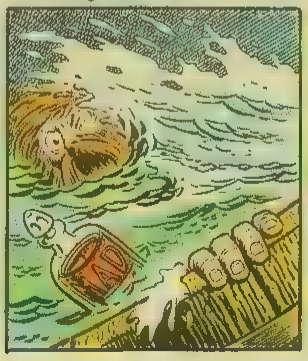
BUK BUK BUK THAT'S GOOOOD!

BILL ELDER

My name is Robinson Crusoe! In the year 1652, while sailing the ocean, I found myself suddenly in the water!

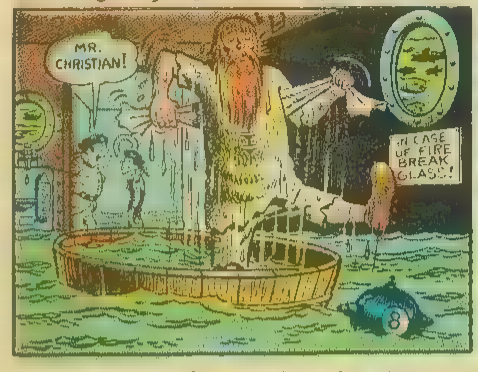


Although my vessel was sturdy enough, I was in great trouble because of the rough condition of the water!

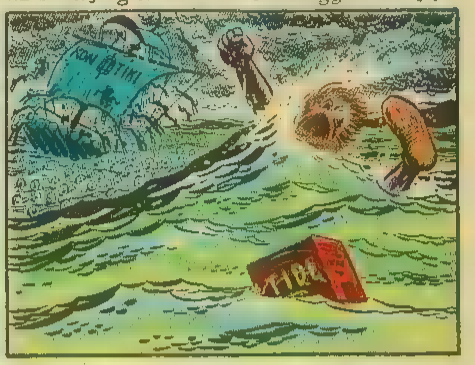


You see, I was taking a bath below decks, and what with rocking of the boat, I had lost my cake of soap!

I finally left my bath...yes...I had my clothes on since it's not nice to be unclothed in a comic book as well as a movie! Imagine my surprise when I stepped out of the water...



...to find myself stepping into more water! Yes...the boat was sinking! Vainly I fought the monstrous waves...trying to find that furshlugginer soap!

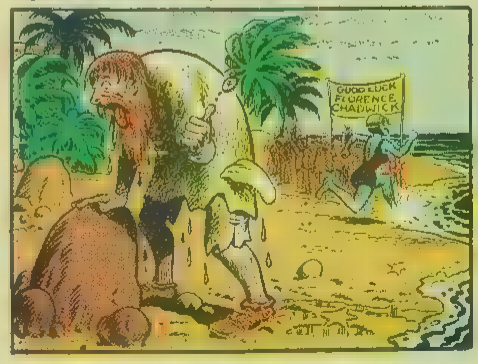


Seeing the outline of an island, I swam in that direction, not too eagerly, in order to save my strength!

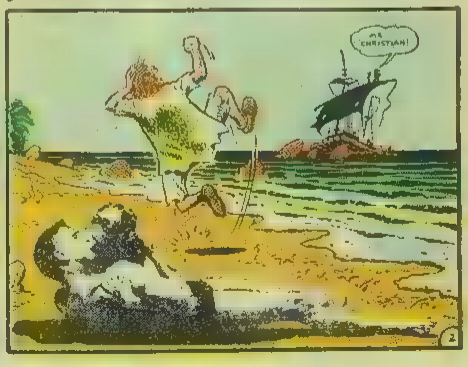
For eagerness could weaken me and I was determined not to be too eager for eagerness was no good!

I wasn't gonna be eager! Not me, boy! Imagine my surprise when I found I had swum right over the island...

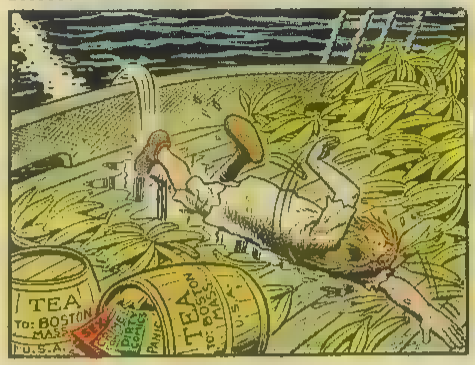
...the jagged rocky island! No wonder the water felt rough! I stood shakily on the shore of this wild island ...spent!...No money in my pockets...like I said...spent!



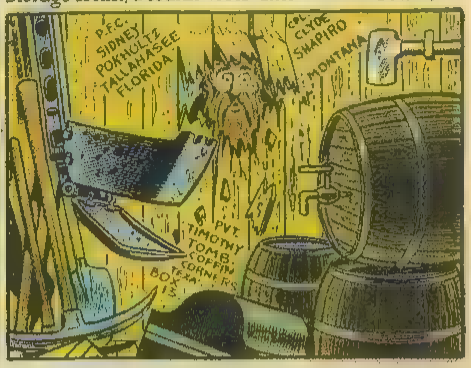
As I stood wondering how to stay alive, the storm abated and the water receded! You don't even have to imagine my surprise when I saw the ship...washed up on the rocks!



Without a moment's hesitation, I plunged into the surf! Without a moment's hesitation, I plunged out again! Brrr! It was cold! I then swam to the boat!

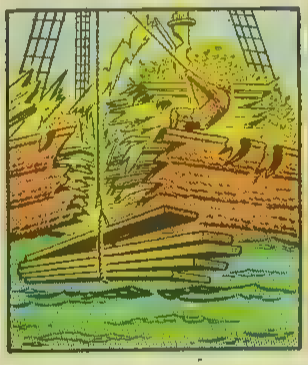


Hoisting myself over the side, I found upon inspection, not a living soul aboard! Breaking into the storage locker, I found tools and a cask of rum!

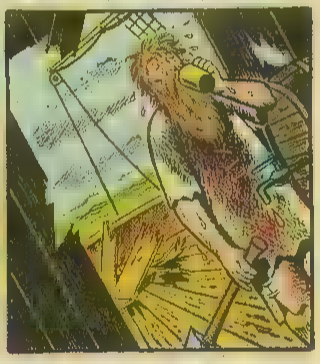


Determined to move the ship supplies to shore, I removed the tools, and ... to bolster me, I took a cup of rum!

I then commenced cutting away lumber, which I threw over the side to fashion into a raft!



After lashing the lumber together, I was much fatigued and, to bolster me, I took another cup of rum!



With great pains, I hoisted down a tool chest... and so, I took a cup of rum!

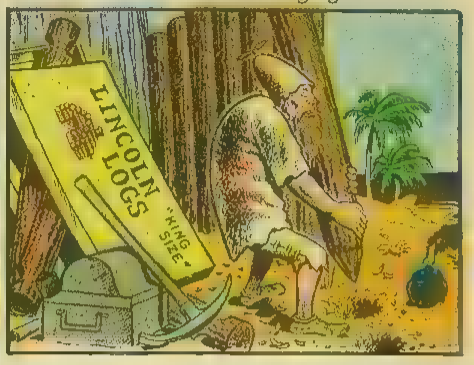
I then got a load of powder kegs and canvas ready! I went and cup a took of rum!

With much mishap, I further loaded the raft! I went and cupped a rum of took!

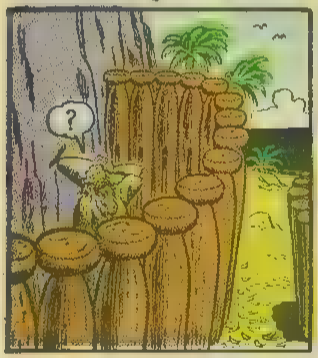
I then got another took of load ready and cupped it down on the rum....

Boy! Was I drunk!...But the work had to be done, so I squared my shoulders, marched resolutely to my task... and fell overboard!...When I finally made my way to shore...

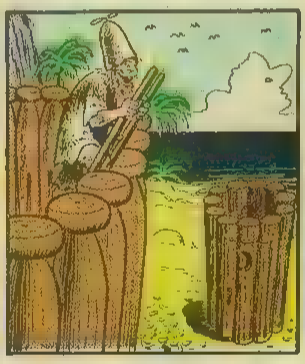
...I sought immediately to protect myself and my supplies from wild beasts and savages! Choosing a cliff wall, I built a stockade snug against it!



I built a high and strong so that nothing could get in, and too late I realized nothing could get out...

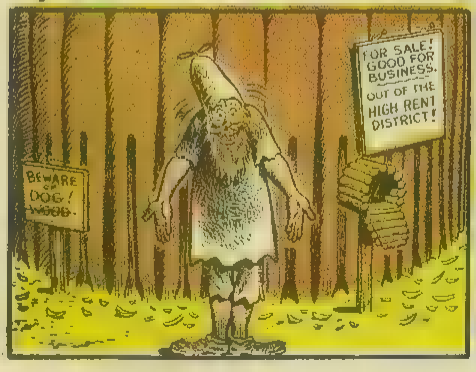


...for I had forgotten to build a door! However, I had all my tools and equipment and I made a ladder...

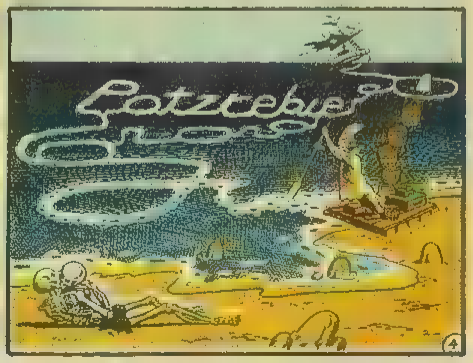


...and I got out...for man's ability to improvise...his ingenuity conquers all! Then it hit me!...How do I get in?

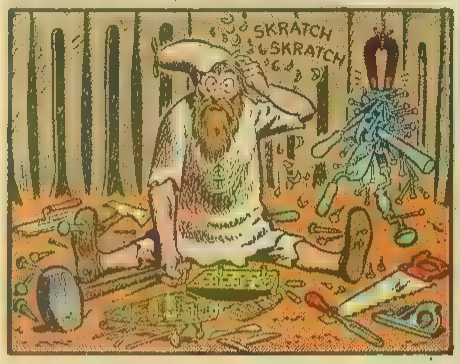
For the only way to climb the wall was with a ladder and the only ladder was inside the wall next to the only tools to make a ladder! Well... live and learn, I say!



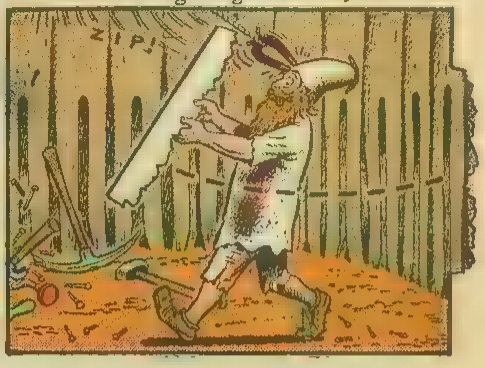
...without a moments hesitation, I was plunging in and out of the surf...and soon came back from the ship with another load of tools and another load of rum!



Realizing I might be on this island for a long time, I set about to the task of building quarters!... But since I had no ruler, I needed a rule to rule a ruler!



...and although I had the tools to make a ruler, I had no ruler to rule the straight edge for the ruler! So I cut a chunk of straight edge from the picture border!



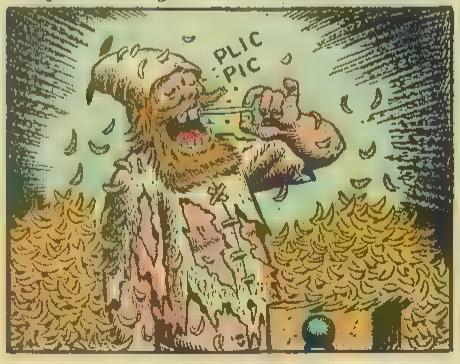
Cutting wood for my projects was an unbelievable task! For example...

...not having a whip-saw nor help, I'd chop my tree and shape it with an axe!

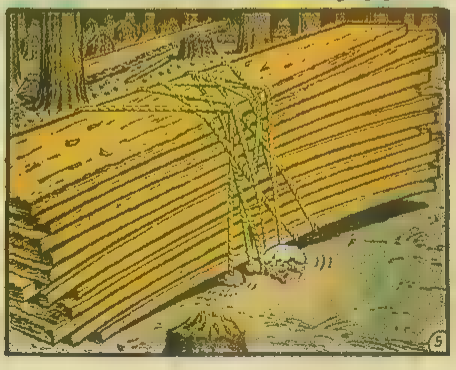
...when I'd gotten it adzed down to a single board, I could then saw out a block...

...which I might shape down to the final piece of work! I'm telling you...

...it was ***more work*** making a ***mere toothpick*** than you could ever imagine!... But now, I had to give some thought to my living quarters! I carefully chose my trees...



...I then chopped a quantity of trees... trimmed, shaped, and adzed them on the spot to facilitate carrying them back to the site where I was building my quarters!

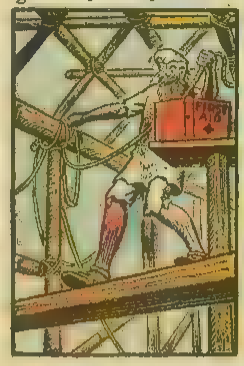


Although I had some nails, I also fashioned pegs and grass rope for joints...

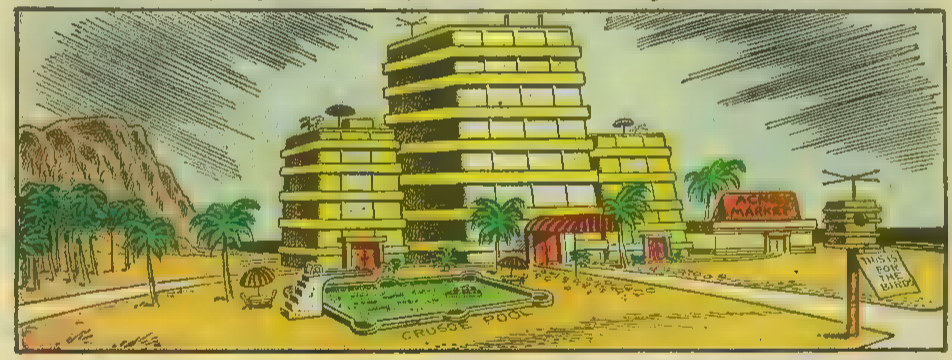
To roof, seal, and make secure withal, I had a plentiful supply of turf...

...Inside, I constructed with my crude knowledge of carpentry, shelves, furniture...

...fire hardened clay pots! It's fantastic what man can do with the crudest tools!

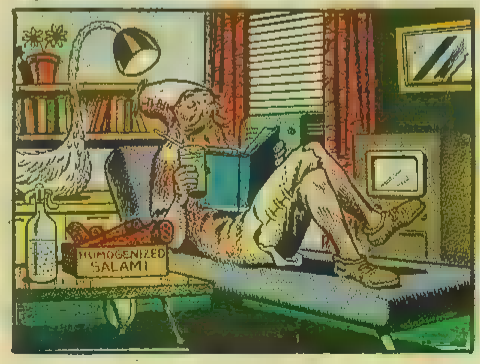


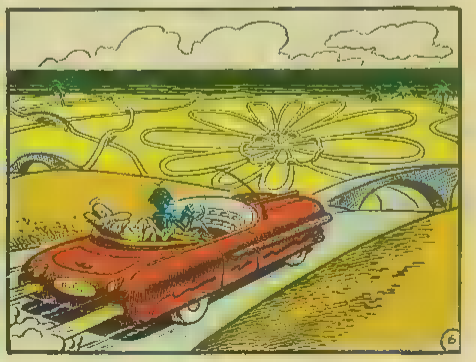
For that is how man is different from animal! Man has ingenuity to improvise and to make do with the crudest of tools... with the help of his hands and mind! And so, my living quarters rose above the island... a duplex apartment house... picture windows overlooking the sea... hollywood kitchens...



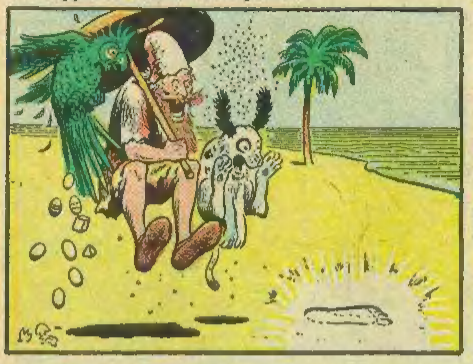
Even though I was marooned alone on an island with only my wits to keep me going, I strangely enough began to feel quite at home, there in my duplex apartment...

...However, I was still restless! I needed to build one more thing... I needed one more item to make my living complete! I went for a ride in my hand built car!

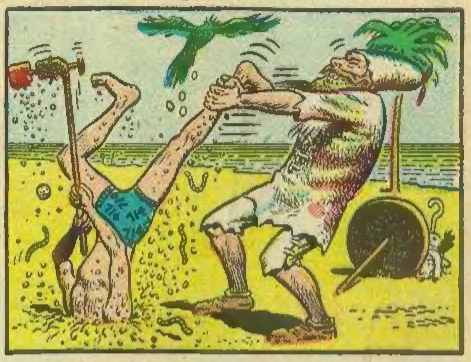




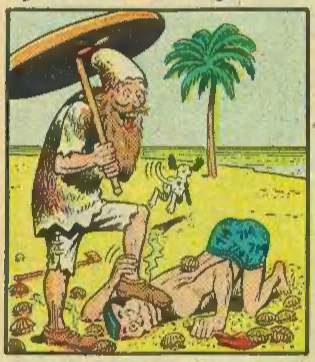
After driving a while on my hand-built highway, I got out to walk on the shore! It was there that I came across what appeared to be a footprint.



Needless to say, I was perplexed at finding a solitary footprint in the sand! But upon closer examination, I observed it was no ***footprint***... It was a ***foot*** in the sand!



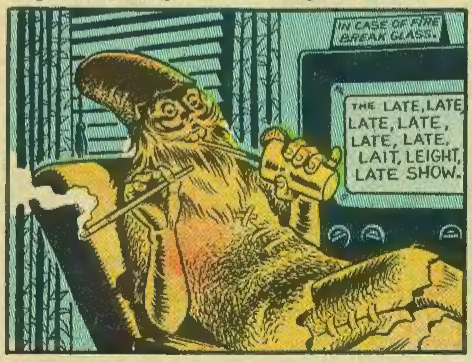
A foot belonging to a native, who had been buried in the sand! He placed my foot on his head in gratitude...



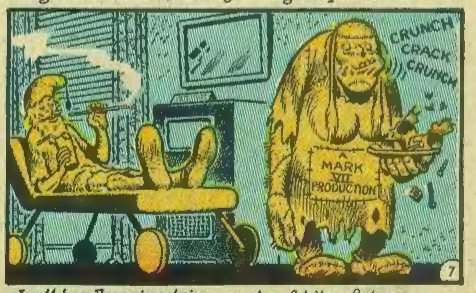
...a gesture he regretted since I hadn't changed my sox in some time. He said his name was Friday... Joe Friday!

Said he was from 'Dragnet' or something! However...this human being was the item I needed to make living complete!

What's that you say? I needed Friday because I wanted someone to talk to?... Because I needed companionship? No! I merely wanted Friday's ***brain***...



...hacked the beggar open ten seconds after I saved him! You see... I needed his brain to build the one more thing I needed to make my living complete... ***WOMAN!***



...I call her Francinestein... made of bits of grass rope... turf... goatskin... It's truly wonderful what man can do with the crudest of tools...

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The Jetex F-102 is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the Jetex F-102 does not fly, return the plane and the engine within 10 days for full refund.

FLASH!

As of this printing, the U.S. Air Force's F-102 does not have a name, because this supersonic airplane is brand new and still in the category of a military secret. The Jetex F-102 is the first model of its kind.

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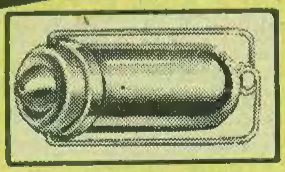

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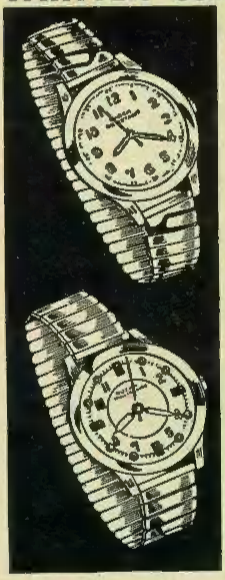

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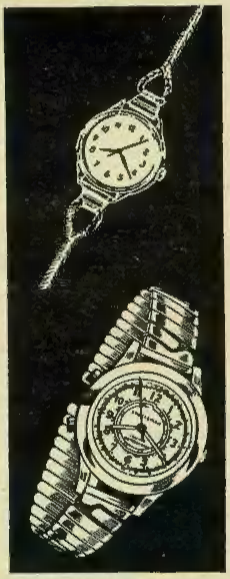

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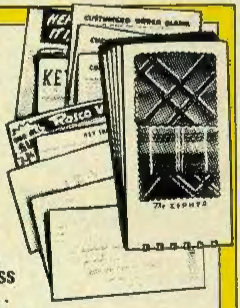

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